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the proprietor. That gentleman at last called his men together, told them it was very certain that the devil never appeared to any body who had not deserved to be so terrified, and that as he would keep no

rogues about him, he was resolved to discharge the first man that saw the devil again. The remedy was as efficient as if he had turned a stream of holy water into the mine.

S. M. S.

POETRY.

EPODE.

WHAT pow'r beyond all pow'rs elate,
Sustains this universal frame?
'Tis not nature, 'tis not fate,
'Tis not the dance of atoms blind,
Ethereal space or subtile flame;
No—'tis one vast eternal mind,
Too sacred for an earthly name.
He forms, directs, pervades the whole;
Nor like the Macrocosm's imag'd soul.
But provident of endless good,
By ways, not seen, nor understood,
Which e'en his angels vainly might explore.
High, their highest thoughts above,
Truth, wisdom, justice, mercy, love,
Wrought in his heav'nly essence, blaze and
soar,
Mortals, who his glory seek,
Rapt in contemplation meek,
Him fear, him trust, him venerate, him
adore.

SIR W. JONES.

"QUIS DESIDERIO."

CAN shame repress the starting tear,
Or silence grief for one so dear?
Descend, elegiac maid, divine,
And aid the slow funereal line,
For thou can'st touch the tend'rest key,
And emulate its harmony.

Ah, wherefore fled this goodly light,
Sleeps Marcus in eternal night?
Marcus, whose faith of spotless mien,
And equity, a sister queen,
And truth, in virgin beauty bare,
Of human parallel despair.

For he indeed lamented lies,
By all the great, and good, and wise,
And ah, my Virgil, who than thee,
Can wail with more sincerity,
Pious, alas, in vain t'abate,
Or stem the torrent tide of fate.

What if 'twere thine to move the heart,
Beyond the Thracian minstrel's art,
To lead the woodland wilds along,
By pow'r of thy immortal song,
Yet, ah! the soaring spirit's fled,
And who shall rouse the sleeping dead?

Till that inexorable God
Descends, to shake his direful rod,
Who fills array'd in horrid state
The formulary page of fate;
'Tis hard,—But patience to endure,
May sooth the ills it cannot cure.

B. T.

TO ANNA.

A Rondeau.

IF I were not your lover, your heath I
would be,
Your myrtle, geranium, or China rose-
tree,
Then at summer's first dawn,
I should bask on your lawn,
And to please you, put forth all my
bloom.
My sprigs at your breast,
You should wear when you're drest,
And my blossoms should blow in your
room.
My Anna should guard me, as well as
admire.
She would make up my bed,
And when age droops my head,
In winter she'll make me a fire.
Were I not thy lover, thy flow'ret I'd be,
And summer and winter be shielded by
thee.

EPITAPH

SEVERAL YEARS AGO WRITTEN ON JOHN
HEWITT, PURSE-BEARER TO THE CHAN-
CELLOR, AND STILL REMEMBERED.

HERE Fat Jack reclines—and there's no
one will rue it—

What, Jack Falstaff—no, no—his great
brother, Jack Hewitt.

An eight bottle toper where claret was
fine,

And wherever it was, he'd assuredly dine.
Tho' the sweets of the vintage he highest
respected,

Each dish at the table, he never neglected.
Whenever he din'd with Eblana's arch-
bishop,

The wonder-struck company gave ev'ry
dish up.

A turkey, and capon, and such little birds,
He gup'd like a school-boy a half'orth of
curds;

Six rounds of a twelve-penny loaf ev'ry
day,

In a well-butter'd toast, he devour'd at his
tea;—

'Twas a doubt with his friends, whether
Gog or Magog

Could eat or could swill with this over-
grown hog!

Among maudlin wits he was cock o' the
school,

But the wise ones pronounced him a damn-
able fool.

Not wise ones who knew that his coffers
were full,

For over-flowing coffers enrich ev'ry scull.
He liv'd a gay life, between eating and
drinking,

And of this and his money for ever was
thinking.

In this was his genius, his fame, and his
merit.

If our Falstaff did opposite virtues inherit,
Those virtues that live in an amiable breast,
His friend, my Lord Townsend*, must
tell you the rest.

ODE TO THE LIVER.

From the first Number of the Liverpool Mercury,

Writers on the etymology of the word Liverpool are accustomed to reject the tradition of the existence of a species of bird denominated the Liver, as entirely fabulous. For this there is certainly no sufficient reason. Livia was undoubtedly the Latin denomination of a wild bird, whether a wood-pigeon or a water fowl, is extremely doubtful, from the short description of it in Pliny. It was exactly the same as the πάλιας of the Greeks, and in both lan-

* *Marquis Townsend, who died a few days ago.*

guages it probably derived its name from its swarthy or livid colour. The similarity of its Greek denomination to that of the πάλιας or pelican, induces me to believe that Pliny uses the word columba in its most extensive sense: from the nature of Greek appellatives it may be concluded that the πάλιας was as large, or larger, than the πάλιας.—It is worthy of remark, that Livio polis, the name of a town situated on the shores of the Euxine, the coast of which abounded with the bird Livia, and which name is generally derived from the Empress Livia, bears great similarity to the word Liverpool.—From the constant interchange of the letters b and v in the Greek and Latin languages, I have ventured to suppose the root of the word Liver to have been the same as that of Liber, free; and I have therefore styled the Liver the bird of Freedom.

ODE.

O, BIRD of freedom, that of yore,
Built thy lone nest on Mersey's shore,
Fond of his stoney bed,—
Till there the steps of man were heard,
And sails upon the stream appear'd,—
Thy pinions then, outspread,
Bore thee upon the winds sublime,
To seek, o'er distant waves, some solitary
clime

'Twas thine, what time the morning beam
Sparkled across thy native stream,
To skim the reflux wave;
When evening rose, with storms o'ercast,
Thy plumage ruffling in the blast,
'Twas thine the storm to brave;
Fearful of nought but man's vile race,
Shrieking, thou heard'st his voice, and fled
thy native place.

Yet, but the fisher's matted sail,
Scarce bending with the labouring gale,
Caught then thy startled sight:
His aspect wild, and rude his hand,—
His turf-hut reared upon the strand,
A shelter for the night.
Hadst thou remained with him awhile,
His rude, yet strenuous hand, had taught
these banks to smile.

Not yet the castle's feudal pride,
Raised, threat'ning o'er the Mersey's tide,
Its high embattl'd tower,
While, unenslaved, the fisher-swain,
Swept with wide net, the wealthy main,
Nor knew despotic power:
Nor were his toils with love unblest,
Love strew'd his sea-weed couch, and
claspt his sea-worn breast.